

SKETCHES

This is the first time in quite awhile that I've written an original piece for my own pleasure. I have a perfectly good excuse, too: *I've been busy*. Busy with work, my family, friends and various and sundry other activities. I've been busy earning a living doing what I love, of course. That's a perfectly legitimate excuse and one I'm sure you can relate to. I've had houseguests, errands to run, family matters to attend to and, on occasion, a social life.

Periodically I've thought about doing some writing just for me. The big fear was whether there was anything new and fresh that qualified as an eligible personal pursuit. Thank goodness there is. Wonderful ideas would pop into my head at the most inconvenient times and I'd promise myself that I wouldn't forget them. Without the aid of a pen and pad to write on, these brilliant ideas died – never to resurface, at least not in an easily recognizable format. I used to carry a notebook in my purse to record these flashes of creativity. Perhaps I should get back into that habit.

There was a time when I wrote like it was going out of style. The irony is, I couldn't sell any of it. My clumsy efforts to get published generated plenty of rejection notices. I didn't give up – I would identify publications, put packages together and send them out on the wings of some fervent prayers. Eventually the tide turned and clumsy was transformed into competent.

New opportunities brought their own sets of responsibilities and the phrase, *balancing act* became a reality of a different sort. Some of the original pieces were purchased and published. Once that happened, there were word counts, deadlines, angles, interviews, occasional revisions, and invoices to deal with. My body of work continues to grow and I am ecstatic about that. Nonetheless, writing for the sheer fun of it seemed like something I used to do. There was never any time for it, or, on the flip side, I couldn't think of anything to write about.

All that has changed! This piece is just for fun. The word count doesn't matter and there is no deadline. My creative juices are flowing and I realize that there is, indeed, time and space for personal expression. It is a necessity and something not to be afraid of.

Writing is my passion, my calling, my vocation and the stuff that defines me. I must do it for me as well as for public consumption. Polonius admonished Hamlet to be true to himself. If I can't create for my own pleasure and edification, I will lose my sight of my vision.

Yes, I've been busy. I'm a self-employed freelance writer with a growing clientele. I've discovered that the art of writing, and the business of writing are interrelated when one seeks to be compensated for one's efforts. I've been busy learning how to be an effective, efficient and competent businesswoman. I've been busy producing written documents for current clients, and I've been actively pursuing new ones while learning valuable lessons along the way.

I've gotten up at 3:00am to write and dropped into bed, exhausted, hours later. I've put *everything* else aside to finish a project on time. That meant dirty dishes piled up in the kitchen sink, no dinner for my husband, and sometimes bills got paid late. I've chased down clients to get paid, sweated through difficult situations that could have been avoided if only...Yes, I've

been busy and gainfully so. I've learned that getting a contract doesn't necessarily mean I'll get to do the work or that an agreed upon set of deadlines ultimately have meaning. Human nature being what it is, I really only have control over my own actions and only when I choose to fully participate in my own life.

Yes, I've been busy and in the course of living through all this busy-ness, I've discovered that the yearning to write for writing's sake is still very much alive and well. Thank goodness. For a minute there it just seemed like I had so much to do that I couldn't afford to indulge myself. Whew! I'm really glad I'm over that. Yes, I've been busy – but not *that* busy.

ECLECTIC ELECTRONIC SKETCHES